

CORINNA;  
O R,  
Humane FRAILTY.

A  
POEM.

With an Answer to the E. of R——'s  
Satyr against Man.

*Virtus est, vitium fugere, et Sapientia prima,  
Stultitia caruisse. Hor. ep. lib. 1.*

*At bona pars Hominum, decepta cupidine falso  
Hor. ser. lib. 1.*

*Qui color albus erat, nunc est contrarius albo.  
Ovid.*

L O N D O N,  
Printed by J. W. and Sold by J. Nutt, 1699.

CORINTHIANS

OR

HUMANITY

A

POEM.

Which an Answer to the H. of R.

SATYR AGAINST MAN.

By the Author of the Poem of the  
Humanity, &c. &c. &c.  
As the Poem of the Human  
Nature, &c. &c. &c.  
By the Author of the Poem of the  
Humanity, &c. &c. &c.

1700

Printed by R. W. and Sold by J. W. W.

# CORINNA;

O R,

## Humane Frailty, &c.

**N**O T all the Precepts of *Philosophy*,  
 The *Sages* Rules, or sad *Catastrophe*  
 Of perverse Men, who like Mon'ments are set,  
 To warne the erring World, t' avoid their Fate,  
 Can keep in Reasons Bounds th' ungovern'd Will,  
 Of heedless Youth, inquisitive of ill.  
 The middle Road of Safety they despise,  
 And only by *Experience* will be wise.  
 This *juv'nile* Age, with soaring Fancies blest,  
 In all their Limbs, Beauty and Strength's exprest.  
 An elate Pride in what they say or doe,  
 Disdain of all but of themselves does shew.  
 Not a young pamper'd Steeds unbridl'd Rage,  
 More Mischief or Destruction does presage.



But sooner much their Feirceness may be rein'd,

Then stubborn Youth from follies be reclaim'd.

There's no example no advice can win,

Them from experimenting untryd Sin.

A secret pleasure's thought in whats unknown,

Which they'l attempt, tho' sure to be undone.

Nor only Youth, but all Mankind is led,

By this fond itch which in our Natures bred.

Not all the Shipwrecks on the treach'rous Seas,

Can hinder Man from vent'ring of his ease,

And happy quiet in a safe retreat,

To purchase Wealth, to make his heires live great.

Th' ambitious Man, on the last Statesmans fall,

Raifes himself the Favorite of all.

Where for a while he like a meator Shines,

Forgetting there must be a change of times.

Untill another envious Fool does come,

And plot his ruine to supplie his roome.

The Tradesman with his callings not content,

But to the War his rigid purpose bent.

Leaving his Wife and Family behind,

Honour and Riches in big hopes to find.



At last returns with loss of Limbs and Blood,  
 The wretched pitty of his Neighbourhood,  
 But if succesful in some things Men prove,  
 How restless and uneasy 'tis they move.  
 Until some other project they've begun,  
 Some new Invention to loose what they've won.  
 The chafteft Wife that never cou'd be brought,  
 In deed to wrong her Husband, will in thought.  
 And many Cuckolds made with an intent:  
 Only to try a new experiment.  
 Whether a Lover can more pleasure give,  
 Then what from Spouse they lawfully receive.  
 Tho' no temptation in the Man there be,  
 There is enough in the variety.  
 Venture for change, divorce and civil broile,  
 As Men for Honour sweat, aspire and toile.  
 So longing Virgins yeild to Men they hate,  
 Only to be informd o'th' Marriage State:  
 But why should I all others faults cry down,  
 Who have as great a Number of my own?  
 Oft I've by Friends, by Books been told in vain,  
 Loves pleasures were not equal to its pain.

The many ills which by the Fair were wrought,  
 And what destructions, they on Men have brought,  
 Of Cittys sack'd, Countries made desolate,  
 By plighted Vowes, which they did violate.  
 Of Jealous pangs, of Murders, and the train  
 Of all their mischeifs, but 'twas all in vain.  
 For bright *Corinna* drove my fears away,  
 Like frightened Spirits at approach of Day,  
 A thousand Beauties charin'd my willing Sight,  
 Her every touch gave fancy, new delight,  
 Nor cou'd a wish raise joy to greater height.  
 What suddain raptures fill'd my swelling breast,  
 When in my longing Armes she Love confest.  
 Convulsive tremblings sei'd my Limbs all ore,  
 And vital Spirits flew from every pore.  
 Such modest Coyneſs ſhe at firſt did uſe;  
 As ripen'd Maidens unwilling to reſuſe,  
 And beg'd, I'd not her eaſineſs abuſe.  
 Such faint reſiſtence, made my feirce Deſire,  
 But rage the more, like Winds oppos'd to Fire.  
 She cry'd to ſee if any help was nigh,  
 No I réply'd, nor any wittneſs by.

Secure within this shady lonely Grove,  
 We may enjoy the blessings of our Love,  
 She sigh'd, and blush'd, and yielded as the Grove.  
 Wrapt in each others Armes entranc'd we lay,  
 As if our hovering Souls were fled away.  
 A pointed pleasure thro' our Bodies run,  
 And Life with joy was almost overcome.  
 Ah Heav'n! as I recover'd breath, I cry'd,  
 How has the World, and Friends this Sex bely'd.  
 Can there in Nature be a higher Bliss,  
 Or Heav'n afford a greater happiness.  
 Speechless She lay, with languid Eyes half clos'd,  
 Her naked Beauties to my view expos'd.  
 Nothing was ever form'd so wond'rous Faire,  
 As her white Thighs, and bright dishevel'd haire.  
 Such glories did my dazeld Sences charm,  
 As wou'd the blood of an old Hermit warme,  
 And Priests decay'd, with new desires alarm.  
 I took her to my trembling Armes again,  
 More willing now to ease my am'rous pain.  
 In various Shapes her Beauteous Limbs did twine,  
 She claspt me with a rage as great as mine.



Millions of mutual kisses gave, 'till we,  
 Breathless and fainting lay with exstasie.  
 As two feirce warriors who with equal bent,  
 Had fought 'till all their mighty Strength was spent.  
 Rest by consent their Spirits to refresh,  
 Panting and gasping on the bloody Grasse.  
 So we our softer combat did renew,  
 And did the genial work of Fate pursue.  
 Often we met and solem Vows wou'd take,  
 That no strange Love or interest shou'd break,  
 The dear Ingagements, which we then did make.  
 Often we walkt into that silent Grove,  
 Where first we made a Sacrifice to Love.  
 Where oft she'd call to mind the happy Hour,  
 In which she yeilded first to Loves soft power.  
 Point to the mossy place where first we laid,  
 More blest then Kings on beds of Purple made.  
 Nor was her Wit less charming then her Face,  
 In all she said or did there was a Grace.  
 An aire such as in Shining Courts is seen,  
 And Innocent as Nymphs upon the Green.

How wou'd she chide me if I chanc'd to stay,  
 Tho' gainst my will, beyond the promis'd Day.  
 " Go cruel Man, some other shares your Heart,  
 " Whom you'll betray no doubt to equal smart.  
 " If that her passion can compare with mine,  
 " Such will her torture be, for your base crime.  
 " Good God! that I shou'd think you cou'd be true,  
 " Whose charming Tongue the whole Sex can subdue.  
 " Whome ev'ry Woman must doat on like me,  
 " And all be ruin'd by your perjury.  
 While I the most transported Man alive,  
 For false evasions do not meanly strive.  
 But flying to her Arms by vigour prove,  
 And manly strength, my constancie in Love.  
 With strict imbrace, melting in rapt'rous Joyes,  
 The extream blifs, her causless feares destroys.  
 Confesses my wrong'd Faith she had abus'd,  
 And that it was a Jealous trick she us'd.  
 In this blest State, I thought to live and die,  
 Nor wou'd have chang'd to gain a Monarchy.

But lasting happiness to Mans deny'd,  
 Least pleasure flowing with a constant tyde,  
 Shou'd make him forget Heav'n, by too much pride.  
 So my Feirce Joyes a period quickly found,  
 When I least thought't receiv'd 'its mortal wound,  
 Like blasted Fruit, upon the fertile Ground.  
 And for the mighty blifs Heav'n did ordaine,  
 That I as many Sorrow's should sustaine.  
 One Night as I without appointment came,  
 Prompted by Fate and an impatient flame.  
 I saw a Man, whome she, I thought carest,  
 With all the Love and passion cou'd b'express.  
 Saying and doing those things ore and ore,  
 Which she so oft, had done with me before.  
 So *Lais* entertain'd the Grecian Youth,  
 And gave to ev'ry wife Man blifs enough.  
 Fruition was the only joy they fought,  
 Not those vain pleasures in the Fancy wrought.  
 For when Enjoyment's past, all other Blifs,  
 Is but imaginary Happiness.  
 Not the intelligence of Lovers Eyes,  
 Nor the shot lightning from the blazing Skies,



Is half so quick, as was the jealous Fire,  
 A fight so unexpected did inspire.  
 Reason by Rage and Madnefs overcome,  
 With my drawn Sword I flew into the Room,  
 And this unhappy Rival gave his doom.  
 But Gods! the astonishment which seisd my Brain,  
 When I perceiv'd 'twas *Drusus* I had slain.  
*Drusus* my Friend, whom I had early Lov'd,  
 And in a thousand Tryals honest prov'd.  
*Drusus* tho' rough, yet gen'rous brave and wise,  
 Bred up together from our infancies.  
 The constant Partner of my tender care,  
 And in all Fortunes had an equal share,  
 Our sports when Young and studies were the same,  
 Together in the Warr, we fought for equal fame.  
 From whom I ne're wou'd any secret hide,  
 But in his Breast did all my thoughts confide.  
 To him the Stories of my Love wou'd tell,  
 What my *Corinna*, and my self besel.  
 Describe the Beauties of her Face and Mind,  
 How innocent she was, how just and kind.

Which he reproving me wou'd never hear,  
 But his averfens to the Sex declare.  
 'Twas his beleife no Woman cou'd be true,  
 Or if they were, lefs paffion was their due.  
 That her fair Face my Sences did beguile,  
 False was her Love, and treacherous her Smile.  
 Befides it did emasculate my mind,  
 And take my thoughts from things of higher kind.  
 Which friendly libericy I near took ill,  
 But with a Smile, wou'd contradict him still,  
 Love one, and feem complying to his will.  
 Thinking no greater blessing Heav'n cou'd fend,  
 Then fuch a constant Miftrifs fuch a Friend:  
 But foon the Scene was fhifted, and I found,  
 Horror and difmal ruine all around.  
 With what relenting pittty was I froke,  
 How with amazement fill'd when thus he fpoke.  
 Forgive me, Friend, that I this Tryal made,  
 Which has my life and your content betray'd.  
 When I fucceffels found all means did prove,  
 To wean you from the dorage of your Love.

Thinking

Thinking no Woman without magick Art,

So wholly cou'd possess a Wifemans Heart.

I did resolve to see this tempting Fair,

And break, those spells, which did your Soul enshare.

But ah! how frail are the resolves of Man,

How little able Loves pow'r to withstand.

By my own policie I was undone,

And taken by those charmes I shou'd have shun.

Her crafty Maid, that cursed Implement,

Subtle as the first *Serpent* to invent.

By such as whom, all Virgin's are seduc'd,

Matrons debauch'd, all Innocence abus'd.

And without such no Woman can be won,

Tho' e're so lew'd, or in her Nature prone.

Gain'd by my Man, and *Brib'd* with pow'rful Gold,

Th' intrusted Secrets of her Mistris told.

Brought me acquainted with the charming Fair,

At certain times she knew you'd not be there.

Where under a false Name I did pursue,

The mad design to prove if she was true.

Declar'd I Lov'd her better then bright Armes,

Then Victory or Fame which Souldiers warmes.



That to win her, wou'd much more pleasure yeild,

Then all the *Trophies* of the conquer'd Field

Kingdomes and Empire woud despise for her,

And thought her Slave a happier Man by far,

Something in my rough way, there was did Please,

'Twas new, and so succeeded with more Ease.

Cunning *Letitia* too did never Faile,

To use such Elogies as woud Prevaile.

My Shape and unaffected Sence to Praise,

And every Vertue might her Passion raise.

Mov'd by the feirceness of my Warne Adress,

The Merits of my Person did Confess.

And had she no Engagement, she did owne.

I'd been Preferd to all she ere had known,

With such a Grace, and Charming Modesty,

To every thing I said, she did Replie.

A tender Pitty in my Breast did Rise,

And Love began to Kindle at her Eyes.

I did Repent. that I so far had gon,

Fore saw the Dangers I was Runing on,

Endeavour'd

Endeavour'd to Retreat, but all in Vain,  
 With too much force she did my Heart Detain,  
 And thought to Die was a much lesser Pain.  
 Her Friendship, or at most *Platonick* Love,  
 Was all that I Durst Hope or she Approve.  
 And more I Fear'd then you wou'd think was Just,  
 To be Enjoy'd without a Breach of Trust.  
 But my Desire was grown too Violent,  
 Only with her Esteem to be Content.  
 My Feirce Tempestuous Flame began to Rage;  
 With that Fury no Reason coud Aswage,  
 In all she did such Melting Charmes appear'd,  
 That my own Faith was Justly to be Fear'd,  
 At last with many Struglings in my Breast,  
 With Agonies of Love and Conscience Prest.  
 To Fly this Fair Inchanter did intend,  
 This Wretched Life in Painful Travel end,  
 Rather then Wrong so Generous a Friend.  
 I just was Taking of my last Adieu,  
 Concealing still my Selse, and Love from you.  
 Her Eyes all Bath'd in Tears, and I half Dead,  
 More of her Yeilding, then my Death Afraid.

The Moment we were Tenderly Imbrac'd,  
 Sighing as tho' that Moment was our Last.  
 Then you Rush'd in and Freed me from my Pain,  
 And by my Death that quiet I Attain,  
 Which in my Life I should have Sought in Vain.  
 Forgive *Corinna* Since it was my Crime,  
 Let her not Suffer for the Fault of Mine,  
 My Friend——Forgive me too. Was all he Said,  
 A Ghastly Paleness ore his Face was Spread,  
 And his Life Issu'd with the Crimson'd Flood.  
 Unhappy Youth I with Lowd Sorrow Cry'd,  
 I wish to Heav'n that I for thee had Dy'd.  
 Ah! Why *Corinna*, new Friends did you make,  
 When I Forsoke the whole Sex for your sake?  
 Thou thinkst, because thou never didst Consent,  
 In deed to Wronge my Love, thou'rt Innocent.  
 But thy Minds Adulterate, and no more,  
 Shall I Enjoy such Pleasures as before.  
 Now do I prove the Ills I was forewarn'd,  
 Whom no Example or advice alarm'd.  
 Far from thy Sight, I will my Selfe Convey,  
 Least to more Ruin thou shouldst me betray.



False as Bewitching *Syrens* are thy Smiles,  
 The Men more Curs'd are taken by thy Wiles.  
 Amazeing as a Bright Consuming Fire,  
 Safe only at a Distance to Admire,  
 For all you Touch with Anguish do Expire,  
 Beauteous as the Destroying Angels are,  
 Noxious your power as a Malignant Star.  
 To some Lone Village I will Far Remove,  
 Far from the Fatal *Sor'cry* of your Love,  
 For ever Mourn, my Friend Untimely Slain,  
 And never Venture in the World again.

Let my unhappy Fate, an instance be,  
 Of this Worlds change and Mutability.  
 That no Man on his Fortune may relie,  
 Be Proud and Vain, or things forbidden Try.  
 Nor led away by th' Aereal Phantom Love,  
 More Blifs imagine, then he e're can Prove.  
 Place too much joy in any thing on Earth  
 Pleasures he must resign too with his Breath.  
 And are the Torment and the Sting of Death.

Let it be known to you and to the world  
That the most cruel are taken by my Will  
Remember me to those who are  
Sole only at a distance to advance  
For all you love with Anguish do I give  
Remember as the Destroying Angels are  
Remember your power as I remember mine  
To come I see I will be here  
Let from the West the rays of your Love  
For ever shine, my Friend Unhappily slain  
And never return in the World again

Let me be happy and let me be free  
Of all the world's distractions and of all  
That no man on the Earth can see  
Be Proud and Vain, or think to be  
Not led away by the Angel of Death  
More bliss imagine, then before can prove  
Place too much joy in any thing on Earth  
Remember me with love too with the world  
And are the Torment and the Sting of Death

# An ANSWER TO THE SATYR, Against MAN.

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*Propria Vineta Cædit. Hor. Ep.*

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WERE I a Spirit free ( which Thought's as Vain,  
As 'tis to alter what the Heav'ns ordain )

To choose what form of Flesh and Blood I'd please

To Live in, both for happiness and ease ?

I wou'd not wish to change from what I am,

And be unthinking *Brute* rather than *Man*.

I grant indeed that Man degenerate,

By far is in a more deplored State,

Then Orig'nal Beast, which by instinct lead,

As to the Principles, in's Nature, Bred.

C

And



And wilful Men, I own, very oft do,  
 Things against Reason and their Nature too.  
 Self preservation's Natures cheifest Law.  
 And yet how many do themselves destroy?  
 Reason obliges likewise, all Mankind,  
 To use that justice which themselves wou'd find.  
 Yet what Oppression what Deceit is us'd,  
 And how are honest Men by Knaves abus'd.  
 These are not Actions proper to our kind,  
 But the Effects of a corrupted Mind.  
 And when by Lawless Passions we're subdu'd,  
 Not acting by the Reason we're indu'd.  
 We only do retain the formes of Men,  
 And are no longer what we outward seem.  
*Nabuchadnezzar* from his Throne was driv'n,  
 For's Blasphemy, 'til he acknowledg'd Heav'n.  
 Seaven Years among the Salvage Kind he ran,  
 Fed on the Grass, and was no longer Man.  
 Restor'd to reason, and his former State,  
 Bless'd his Creator, and his change of Fate.  
 You will object perhaps, to be a King,  
 " And a poor wretched Man's another thing;

" A Dog is a more happy Animal,  
 " And void of Pain, then he that's rational,  
 " Curs'd with a brawling Wife, both Sick and Poor,  
 " Forc'd for Relief to Beg from Door to Door,  
 " For Succor to his reason flies in Vain,  
 " The more he thinks the more 'Taugments his Pain.  
 Deplorable indeed wou'd be our Fate,  
 If after this Life were no other State.  
 Yet to alleviate his mighty Greif;  
 Reason alone can give him most Relief.  
 Let him with Patience his Misfortunes Bear.  
 The Times will change or Death will end his Care,  
 And a new Life reward his Sufferings here.  
 But Brutes insensible of future Blifs,  
 No other Life has to Enjoy but this.  
 In Vain the Almighty's Image do we bear,  
 If any Beast we to our Selves prefer.  
 In Vain on thankless Men did Heav'n bestow,  
 Reason and Knowledge and his Likeness too,  
 If other Creatures had more Excellence,  
 Then what Resembles his Omnipotence.

And how, I Sware, I can't conceive i'th least,  
 A Man of Sence cou'd with Himselfe a Beast.  
 Besides the Impiety of such a Thought,  
 As wou'd deface the Image Heav'n had wrought,  
 No advantage can by the change be got.  
 For Beasts by Nature on each other Prey,  
 Excited by no Hunger yet they slay.  
 And were it not for the Industrious Swaine,  
 That Folds his Kids and Lambs upon the Plain,  
 There'd few but of the Rav'nous Kind remaine.  
 So fell *Alcaon* when he was transform'd,  
 Mangl'd by the devouring Dogs and torn.  
 The Gods did punish Inhumanities,  
 Frequently by a *Metamorphosis*,  
 As impious *Lycaon* for his Sacrifice.  
 Much better had the Poet wish'd that all,  
 Mankind wou'd live like Creatures rational,  
 Rather then Brutes, and monstrous Animals.  
 In all our Actions we might Reason shew,  
 And do to all as we'd be done unto.  
 Princes *Despotick* pow'r wou'd not claime,  
 Subjects more True and Loyal wou'd become.



Preists wou'd throw off their damn'd Hypocrisie,  
 And Lords no more their Words wou'd Falsifie,  
 Nor any live by thriving Villanie.  
 Laws wou'd not be broke, nor Judges brib'd,  
 Nor Honest Men by a pack'd Jury try'd.  
 None wou'd make use of pow'r to oppress,  
 Great ones, like Beasts, wou'd not devour the less.  
 None wou'd his Mistris or his Friend betray,  
 Or Bridgroom Cuckold on his Wedding Day.  
 Physicians, Bawds, all in their Trade be True,  
 And the Old World wou'd be reform'd a new.  
 Then Men according to themselves wou'd Live,  
 And be the happiest Creatures which do Breath.

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F I N I S.

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